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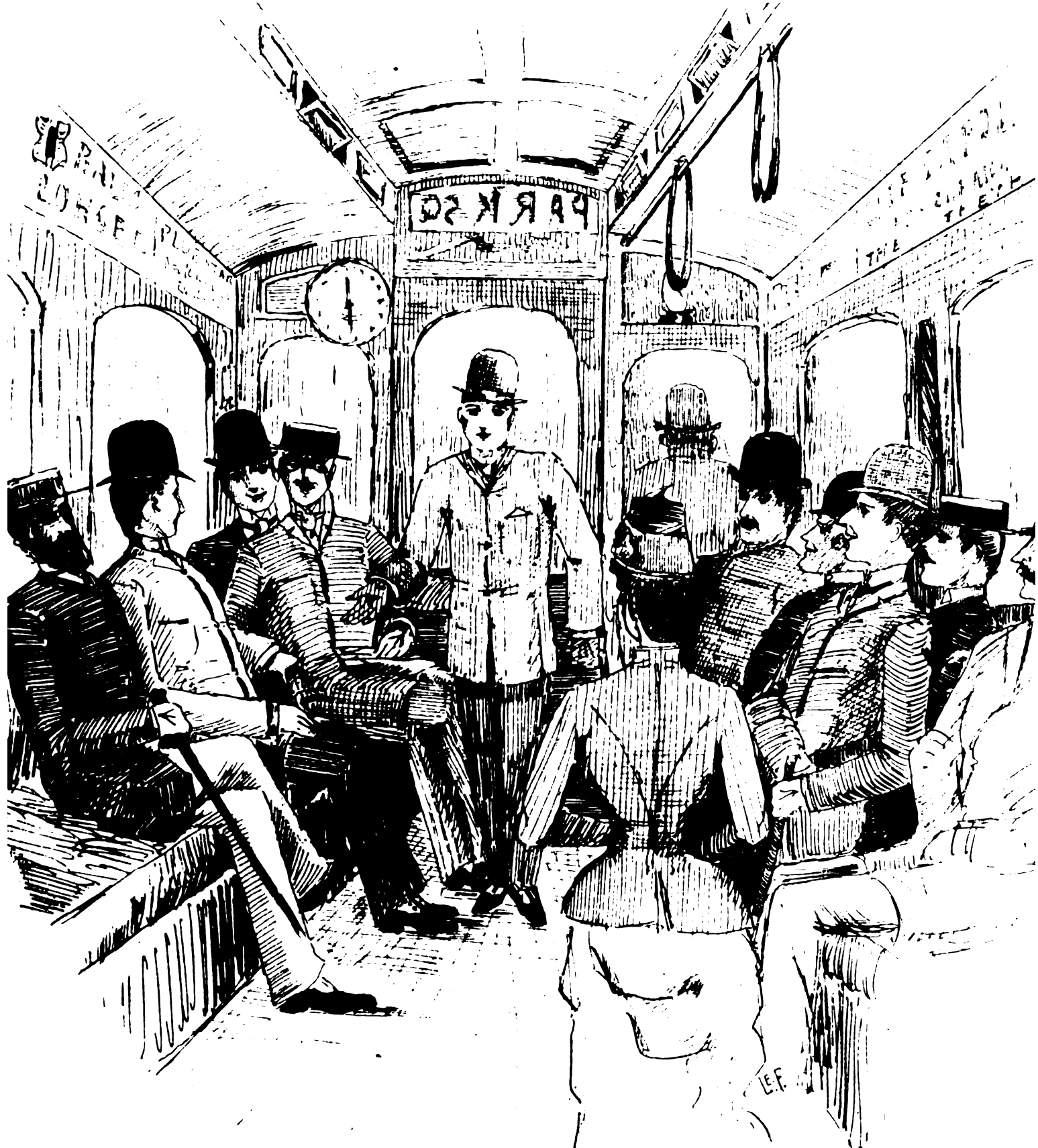
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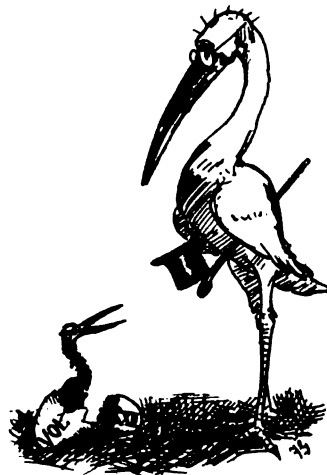
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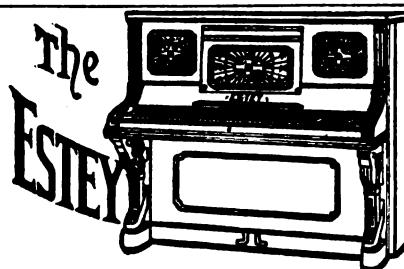
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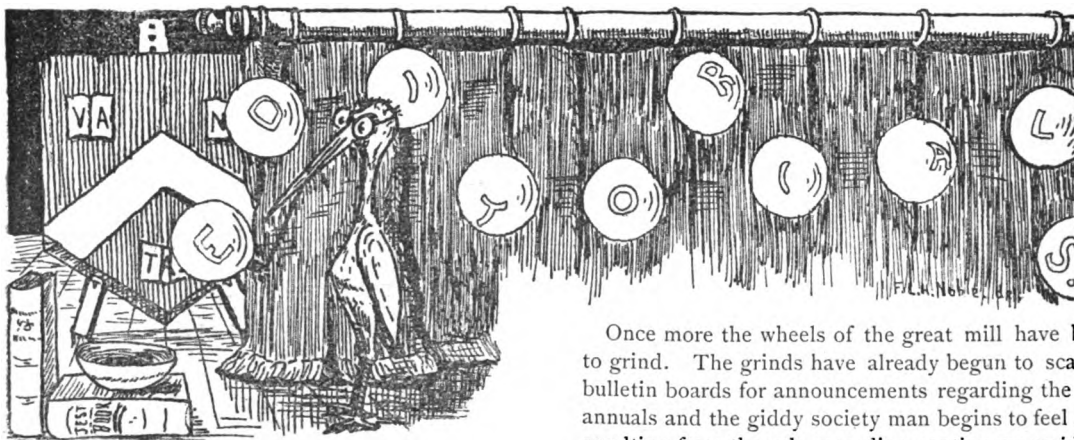
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Chaperone. WHY DID YOU NOT INTRODUCE ME TO THE GENTLEMAN WITH WHOM YOU HAVE BEEN WALKING?

Protege. WELL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH I THOUGHT HE WAS NOT THE RIGHT SORT OF MAN FOR YOU TO KNOW.



The Harvard Lampoon.

Cambridge, October 15, 1886.

Published by-weekly by the Students of Harvard University. Subscription per year (2 vols., 20 nos.), \$3.00. Single copies, 20 cents. Address all communications to Harvard Lampoon, Cambridge, Mass.

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Subscription payments may be made at the Co-operative Store, or sent to the above address. Contributions and communications may be dropped in the Lampoon box at Foster's Cigar Store.

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THE *Lampoon* Board for this volume will consist of the gentlemen named above. It will be seen that the number of editors is very small; so small, indeed, that it is a great strain upon each individual.

We would like to have about six new men in the art department and six in the literary department, and we hope to receive many contributions, from which we can select new editors or at least have material enough to prevent our labor from becoming too great a task. Pictures (without regard to jokes) and literary contributions should be left in the box at Foster's.

Once more the wheels of the great mill have begun to grind. The grinds have already begun to scan the bulletin boards for announcements regarding the semi-annuals and the giddy society man begins to feel *ennui* resulting from the rule regarding continuous residence. Lampy rouses himself with a yawn and a stretch from his summer lethargy. Quick Kellner! ein glass bier. We have a bad taste in our mouth left over from the second and third of July.

Mechanically we feel in waistcoat pocket for a stray quarter. Not a cent! What's to be done? Why let loose the dogs of subscription. Now look at '90! There's a fine class for you! Unquestionably the best that ever entered College. Come '90, step up and subscribe.

In consideration of the fine intellects that have come among us this year, and consequently the increased faculties for seeing jokes, however weak, we have reduced the price of the *Lampoon* to \$3.00 for the entire year. Gentlemanly agents will pass around from building to building and collect the autographs of '90. Don't fail to have your autograph filed in the *Lampoon* office.

Amid the general wreckage of our athletic aspirations last year the success of the class of '89 shone forth as a beacon on the shore we all wished to reach. They kept the Yale Freshman off the fence as regards base ball and as regards boating they went on their way rejoicing, leaving their Yale rivals some six feet under the Thames. We understand, however, that these latter gentlemen ultimately reached the surface, and having discharged several gallons of salt water, sputtered out their congratulations to each other upon having practically won a race which, however, owing to the slight technicality of their not being in at the finish was given to Harvard.

In consideration of this circumstance and also the fact that the "if" prophets at Yale were unanimous in prophesying that Yale "would have won the race" we must advise '89 not to get too "cocky." We must needs take the words of these prophets, inasmuch as

no "if" prophecy was ever *proved* untrue. We can, however, encourage '89 to take to themselves some little credit and to hold their heads a little in the air notwithstanding the fact that they were "practically" so disastrously beaten by their rivals in blue.

A FRAGMENT.

[Found in the Excavations near Cambridge in the year A. D. 3006.]

AMONG the swaying elm trees
The College Smithy stood,
The Smith a terrible man is he,
A typical Harvard dude,
And the muscular way he does his work
Shows best in his wildest mood.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear the fellows blow.
You can see him make his deadliest strokes,
With a horrible grin and slow,
Like a fellow holding a Royal Flush,
When the others are getting low.

And the students coming from Polikon
Look in at the dark green door,
They love to see the blacksmith strong
And hear the fellows roar,
And catch the chestnut swipes that fly
Like chaff on a threshing floor.

REMORSE.

THE base ball season is over and the young man recalleth the time when he said to himself, "I will join me to the Royal Rover B. B. C., even that of the town of Gowanus."

And it came to pass that the Nonesuch B. B. C. of East Podunkville did challenge the Royal Rovers to meet them in the struggle of base ball.

Then the youth arrayed himself in the shirt and hat that was of flannel, yea, even that with red stripes, and the knickerbockers, and the shoe that was of canvas, and went forth to battle. And the host of the Philistines did mock at the knickerbockers and the leg within them, uttering these words, "Get on to the legs," and some even did say, "Rats!"

Then the young man arose in his wrath, and he spoiled the Philistines, and they got them hence.

The struggle did begin, and how the lad did fare I will not say, for you have all been there. But when the game was over, verily I say unto you that the record of that youth was sorrow and vexation of spirit, likewise seven errors and no runs. *Selah!*



A SCRAP OF PAPER.

CHANSON.

THEY "make me tired," those jokes in *Puck*,
They're stale and flat and profitless.
The bull-dozed lover in distress,
The some-one-else on some one "stuck."

The "sucker" ever on the "suck"
They all are "chestnuts" more or less;
They "make me tired" those jokes in *Puck*,
They're stale and flat and profitless.

The "Lunch-fiend" down upon his luck,
The "Mother-in-law" you must confess,
And wily "Jew," and "goat" possess
An ancient fishlike smell.—The truck!
They "make me tired," those jokes in *Puck*.

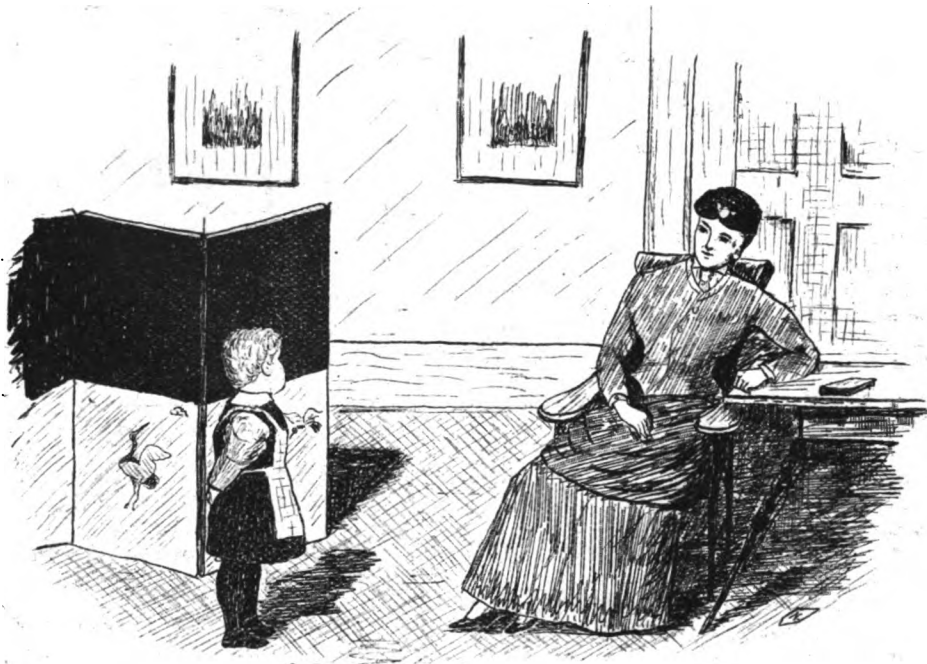
REMINISCENCE OF WASHINGTON.

A HITHERTO unpublished item in the diary of Mrs. Martha Washington was brought to our notice this summer. We publish it to show the superiority of the *Lampoon* to "Bancroft's History."

Mt. Vernon, Sept. 2nd, 188 — George is taking his morning weed in the garden. His brow is troubled. I will go out to him.

Mt. Vernon, a little later. — I have just returned from the garden. George has confessed to me his trouble. Ye Gods! that it should have come to this. What have we done that this grief should come upon us. As he spoke there were tears in his voice. "Martha," he said, "all through my life I have never told an untruth. When I die I shall have to lie in my grave."

Next day. — He seems to have forgotten his trouble.



UNTRAMMELED INNOCENCE.

Mamma. SO YOU DREAMT OF ANGELS, GEORGIE? WHAT DID THEY LOOK LIKE?

Georgie. OH, JUST THE WAY ANGELS ALWAYS LOOK. THEY WERE TALL AND SHINING, AND HAD LONG, WHITE WINGS, AND LITTLE BUSHY TAILS!

WORSE THAN JERSEY LIGHTNING.

MR. EDITOR,—

Dear Sir:—I thought I would write you a little note to tell you of a curious experience I had this summer. I was going home one day in a heavy thunder storm and had occasion to pass a dark alley. Just as I had passed a footpad sprang out with a gleaming knife and was about to stick me in the back, his ulterior object being robbery.

As he raised the knife for the fatal blow he was struck by a thunderbolt direct from heaven, and fell to the ground insensible. Was not that curious? I can tell you I was glad I had been a good boy and got on the rank list last year.

Yours truly,

A SUBSCRIBER.

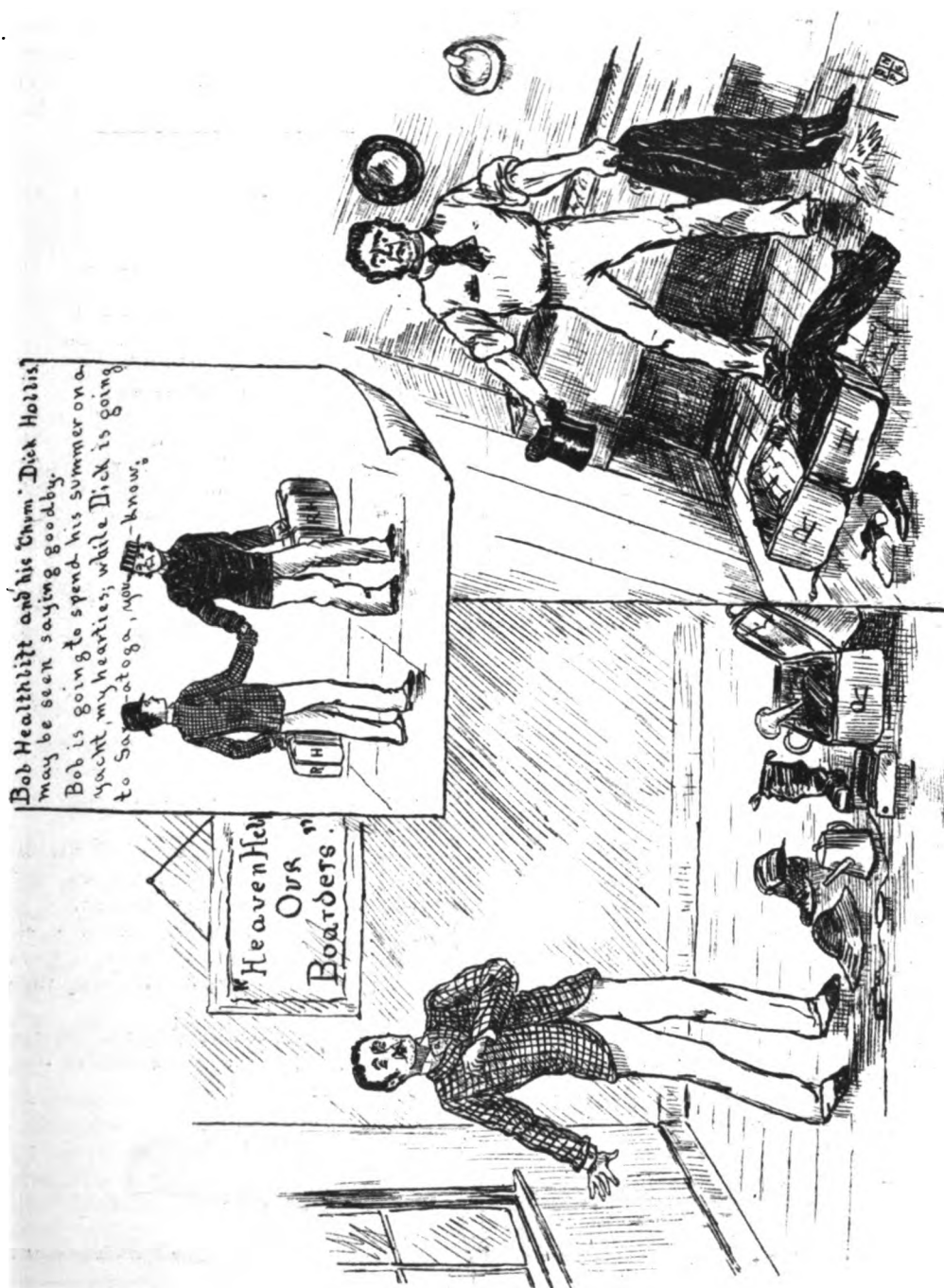
[The above is certainly a very curious experience, but we think it is discontnted by a little affair in which we took part during the past summer.

We were going out to see the Kansas City nine play a game of ball, and while we were trying to find the ball grounds we got lost on the prairie. After wandering around for some time we became discouraged, and sat down on the ground in a listening attitude in hopes of hearing some familiar voice shout "Hold your base," or "Second's got the ball" or something of that kind.

Suddenly we were interrupted by a horrible yell, and upon looking up we saw a party of sixteen mounted Indians charging upon us at full speed.

For a moment we were horror-stricken; but regaining our presence of mind we were about to offer them some Navy Plug when it began to rain and the lightning began to arrive in large numbers. While we looked on aghast it stretched fifteen of the swarthy savages at our feet in the throws of death (double sixes every time), and induced the other one to sign the pledge. Furthermore, seeing that we were in a predicament, it hired a two horse team and drove us fourteen miles over a rough country into Kansas City.—Let us weep.

THE EDITORS.



A TALE OF TWO VALISES.

Mr. Hollis about to dress for dinner.

Mr. Healthliff preparing to take the wheel.



THE CUT REPRESENTS A PROMINENT CAMBRIDGE TRADESMAN, AND ALSO WHAT HE EVIDENTLY THINKS A STUDENT IS.

\$50 REWARD.

GOOD morning, sir. I have received a postal card from you stating that you have some stained or soiled clothes which you wish removed. I wish to call your attention to my advertisement in the *Crimson*.

\$50 Reward. The above reward will be paid to any one who has clothes soiled or stained if I fail to remove the same. Yours truly. — — —.

Mr. Hood.— Oh yes! take a seat. This is my first year in College, but I heard you very well spoken of last year by the Prince of Wales. May I ask you how you attained your great success.

Certainly, I attained it by my vivid imagination. Then, too, I have engaged Mr. Foley who now has charge of sweeping off the sidewalk before breakfast every morning and gives great satisfaction.

Mr. Hood.— This is remarkable.

Then, people who get acquainted with me tell each other what kind of man I am, though they can seldom agree on a strong enough adjective. You must excuse

me now, Mr. Hood, I am very sorry I can't stay to lunch with you; but I have so many clothes to remove. Before I go, I wish to remind you that I am the only dealer who sells gent's furnishing goods. Some unprincipled imitators have stated that they have seen such things as suspenders but they have not. My clerks are now holding morning and afternoon receptions: Good day, sir.

CHANSON.

I'VE had enough of *Punch* I think,
Its jokes are heavier than lead,
"What better had been left unsaid,"
And Tompkins ever on the brink

Of social ruin make me shrink,—
The "Duchess" jokes remain unread;
I've had enough of *Punch* I think,
Its jokes are heavier than lead.

The man who has had too much to drink,
The man by some horse-dealer "bled,"
The hunting fiend who'll break his head,
"Jeams," or that waiter with the wink;
I've had enough of them I think.

SONG FOR THE MASHER.

WINDS that waft "my size" to me.

SOCIETY ITEM.

THE cream of South Boston society was stirred down as far as the chalk and water last week. In fact the cream was so violently churned that for a time it became quite *the cheese*.

The occasion was a surprise party which was tendered Mrs. Murphy-McManus by her neighbors, who have long been admiring her over the back fence.

Each guest brought some little token of esteem. Noticeable among these was a black eye, which was presented to Mr. Murphy-McManus during the evening.

The festivities were concluded by a speech from Mr. Maguire, who, in behalf of the assembled company, presented Mrs. McM. with



a handsome dinner set.



GADZOOKS! JONESEY, WHAT *are* YOU WEARING THAT ULSTER FOR?

WELL, THE FACT IS, SMITHY, I'M GOING SO SEE MARY ANDERSON PLAY *Juliet* AND I DRESS FOR THE OCCASION.

"WHO WOULDN'T BE AN EDITOR?"

HE slouched into the Sanctum, placed a tired looking hat on the floor, sat down on a corner of the desk and remarked that the King of Bavaria was dead.

We upset the paste-pot on his trousers and answered that we were not afraid of its raising the price of Bavarian beer as we drank Milwaukee.

He said nothing, but slowly rising, wiped off the paste with our editorial on Reform and reseated himself.

After a long pause, he said that he heard that the King left no wife.

We answered that we were glad to hear it, as we had feared that his wife might have to take in washing, now that her husband's little earnings as king had ceased.

Conversation then ceased for a short while and nothing was heard but the dull sickening thud, as the office

boy threw light contributions into the] waste paper basket.

The stranger then arose, and said that he had a superior brand of collar button that he would like to call our attention to, but seeing the glare of madness in our eye he retreated, and we heard him in the entry, informing the janitor that the Home Rule bill had been defeated.

We then sat down and thought. We are still thinking. N.

A COINCIDENCE.

GRANDMOTHER sits in her old arm chair
Placidly knitting the hours away;
Kindly, yet grave, with her silvered hair,
Tracing the cares of life's yesterday.

Grand-daughter cozily kneels beside,
Resting an elbow on grandma's knee,
Pondering how she can best confide
Something momentous, 'tis plain to see.

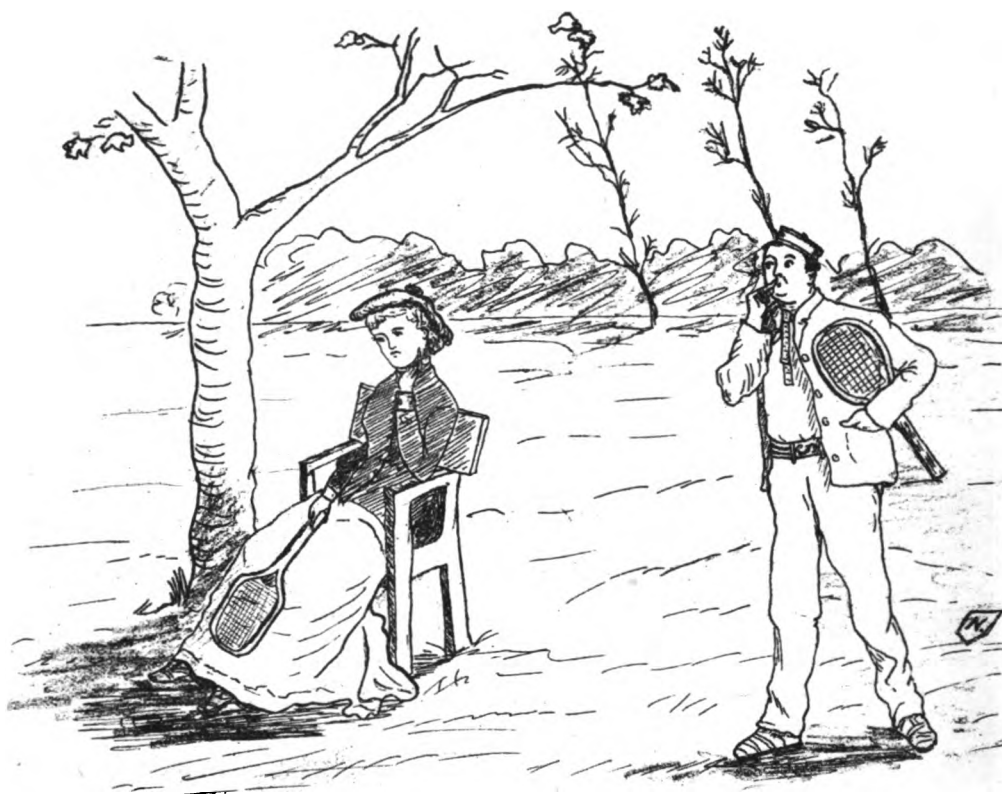
On goes the click of the ivory bones,
Till dainty fingers obstruct the view,
And a shy voice asks in coaxing tones,
"Tell me how grandpa proposed to you."

Down drops the knitting and truant ball,
While grandma answers twixt smile and tear,
"Grandfather never proposed at all,
Somehow we knew it without, my dear."

Grand-daughter blushes a dainty pink,
Keeping her gaze fixed on grandma's knee,
"Isn't it funny," she says, "to think
It is just that way with Jack and me?"

BASE BALL ITEMS.

AT a ball game which took place recently in Providence the crowd became wildly excited and was going to mob the umpire. The home team, however, led by their brave captain, formed a hollow square around him and stated that nobody should harm a hair of his head. (He was bald.) That was truly being saved by the intervention of Providence.



Scene: Anywhere. Time: Last summer.

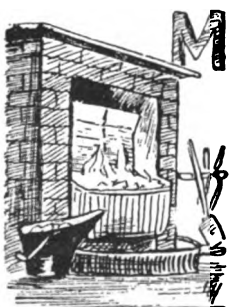
He. DON'T YOU THINK, MISS GUSHINGTON, THAT WE HARVARD MEN HAVE A SORT OF "*savoir faire*," AN INDESCRIBABLE MANNER, DON'T YOU KNOW?

She. OH YES, MR. RECENT, I NOTICED IT RIGHT AWAY. BY THE WAY, WHAT CLASS DID YOU SAY YOU WERE IN?

He. OH! ER—THE FACT IS—I—ER—HOPE TO BELONG TO '90.

Silence, followed by more silence.

REFLECTIONS OF A CYNIC.



THE COSY FIREPLACE.

MOST of the Sophomores are now dealing out to the instructor in Eng. B. choice selections from their past lives at the rate of about 23 per cent for three pages. The old "cosy fire" gag is being pushed pretty hard. When we say the cosy fire gag we mean stories whose beginning is somewhat as follows:—"It was a bitter cold night in January, 18— and I was sitting before a cosy fire in my study trying to forget the poor beggar standing on the street corner with a cold wave from Manitoba percolating through his sidlers, when suddenly etc., etc."

For the benefit of such Sophomores as may not yet have become thoroughly acquainted with the institutions of the college, we wish to state that several years ago the Faculty made a regulation that the Instructor in English would not be held responsible for the death of any student whom he might meet on the Bridge at midnight and who was in the habit of beginning his themes with that formula.

If this evil were confined to the Sophomore class we should not complain, but editors of nearly all the college papers improve their grand opportunity to palm off that sort of thing at the average rate of \$2.50 per year. Why they thus publish sketches of no interest to any one but themselves we are at a loss to know. It may give the writers facility at that kind of narration but why impose it upon a harmless constituency? To this conundrum the Ibis returns no answer.



ATHENIAN CULTURE.

(Enter Lady from the 'Port. After she has been standing some minutes Young Sopely, '90, rises.)

Young S. HERE'S A SEAT, MADAM.

Lady from the 'Port. YOU'RE A GENTLEMAN, THE REST IS HOGS!!

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE clock had just struck eleven, and I was arranging my nightcap preparatory to turning in. (I use this nautical expression to show that I once had a friend whose father had a part interest in a yacht.) I had been grinding since 7.30 (poetic license, I believe, is still allowed in Cambridge), and I was thinking with satisfaction of the diminished amount I would have to spend for tutoring at the Semi's, when I was somewhat startled at hearing a subdued knock at the door.

I am aware that at this stage in my Christmas story the reader will expect to see enter a small manikin, with a heavy snowstorm blowing through his whiskers who, after relating to me a little allegory, will persuade me to venture forth in the dark, dark night, and purchase slate pencils for the sick children in the hospitals, after which I return home feeling twenty years younger.

But my story is different. I exclaimed "come in" in careless accents. The door opened softly and a little curly golden head peeped in. "Please sir," said a childish, pleading voice, "I am a '90 man, and I room across the hall, and would you be kind enough to lend me a lamp-wick because mine's all used up?"

I brushed away a silent tear. "Ye Gods!" I thought, "could I have looked like that once?" However, I said in a cheery tone, "Come in my little man. I don't happen to have any lamp-wicks just at present, as I am one of that class of society which is busily engaged in supplying the stockholders of the Cambridge Gas Company with twenty-five cent cigars and new mackintoshes; but I should be pleased to have your company for a little while. I have n't much refreshment to offer you, except some lemon peel which I acknowledge is not exhilarating, except in certain mixtures, though, of course, if you prefer it plain you are quite welcome."

He complied with my suggestion, and came in, treading gingerly over the floor to avoid leaving foot-prints in the dust which the "Goody" was allowing to accumulate for sweeping day, on which occasion she transfers it with a few deft strokes to the mantelpiece, the desk, the piano, and any other convenient resting place, where it remains till the end of the year only to be then thrown away and forgotten.

"Your room is very prettily decorated," he said, taking in at a glance the summonses on the door, the statue of Henry E. Dixey, crowned with a ham sandwich, and a small selection of our country's banner ragged in a torchlight procession.

"Yes," said I, modestly casting down my eyes.

"Do you subscribe to the college papers?" he asked.

"By no means, my young friend," I replied. "I always read them at Leavitt & Pierce's and by so doing I accomplish a double object. I not only enjoy the productions of some of the rarest minds in New England, but, through being seen in there so often, I accumulate a certain reputation for sportiveness which is far from being distasteful to me."

Thus as we beguiled a pleasant half hour, the conversation drifted around to cards, and I proposed to show him a little trick.

"I'll bet you ninety cents," said I, "that I can turn up the jack of spades with my eyes blindfolded."

"Done," said he.

I shuffled the cards and adroitly placed the jack on top, then I laid the cards on the table and requested him to blindfold me.

After he had done so, he led me to the table and I confidently turned up the top card at the same time pulling off the blind. Could I believe my eyes? The card was the ten of diamonds.

"Good night," said he, and he left, taking with him the money I had intended to lay out in Christmas presents for some poor relations.

The next day I got a note from him which read as follows:

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find the jack of spades. I think it must belong to your pack. I found it in my pocket this morning as I was discussing suckers with a friend at breakfast.

Yours, etc., '90.

Ever since that time, whenever Christmas comes around, the sight of a curly golden head, or a little vacant chair before the fire almost unmans me.

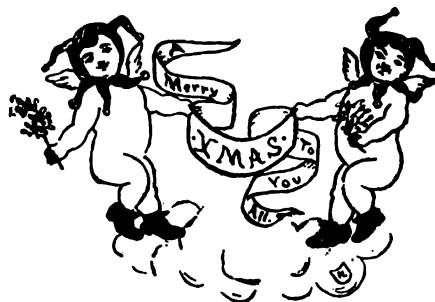
MOTHER GOOSE REVISED.

HICKORY, Dickory, Dock.

The mouse ran up the clock.

The clock was a Waterbury, and struck 913 times,

And the mouse struck for fewer hours.



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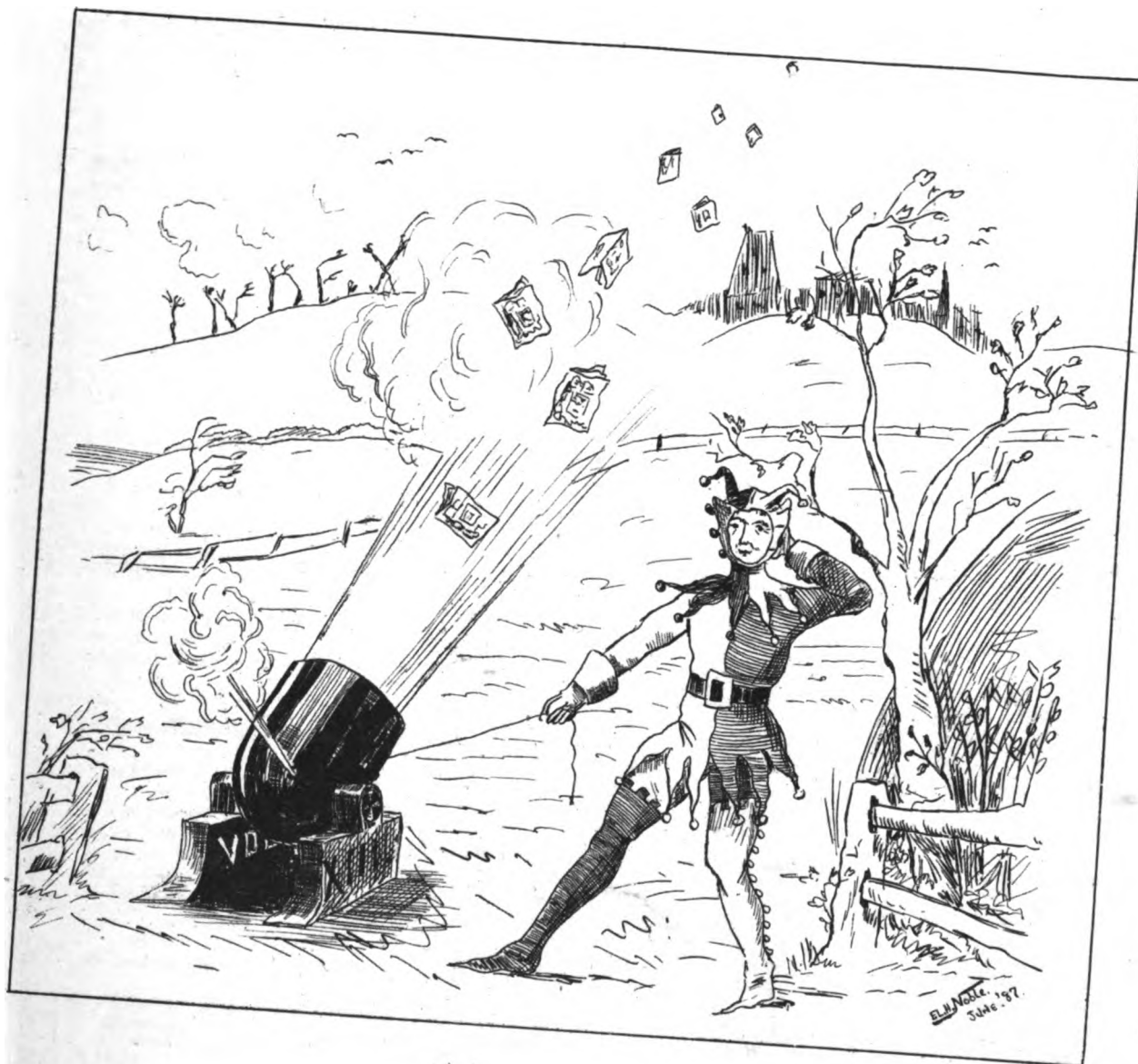
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